

University of Windsor

Scholarship at UWindor

The Assumption College Review

Southwestern Ontario Digital Archive

3-1910

Assumption College Review: Vol. 3: no. 3 (1910: Mar.)

Assumption College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholar.uwindsor.ca/assumptioncollegereview>



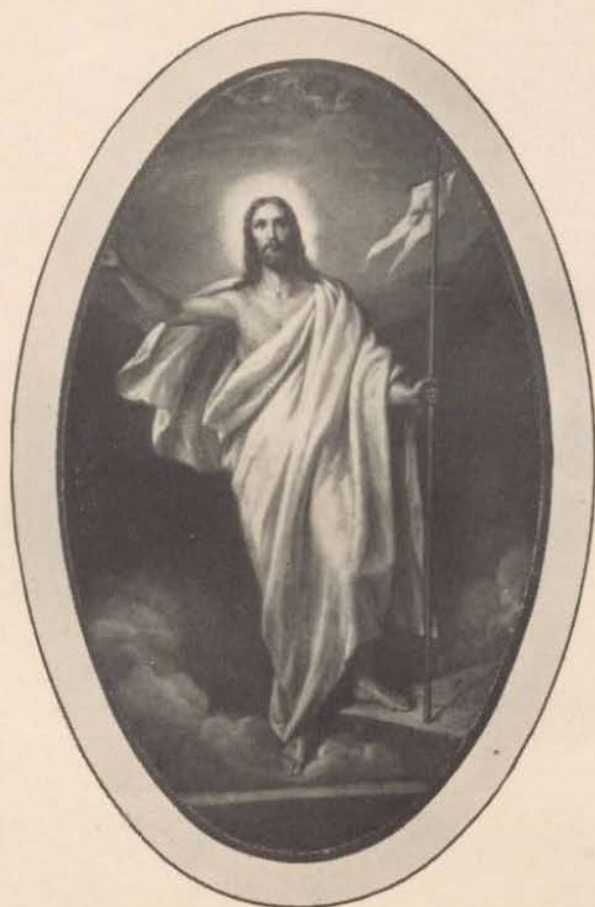
Part of the [Public History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Assumption College, "Assumption College Review: Vol. 3: no. 3 (1910: Mar.)" (1910). *The Assumption College Review*. 21.

<https://scholar.uwindsor.ca/assumptioncollegereview/21>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Southwestern Ontario Digital Archive at Scholarship at UWindor. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Assumption College Review by an authorized administrator of Scholarship at UWindor. For more information, please contact scholarship@uwindsor.ca.



"HE IS RISEN"

Assumption College Review

Entered at the Post Office at Sandwich, Ont. as second-class matter

The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

Subscription: One dollar a year, payable in advance; single copies, 15 cents.

Address all correspondence to Business Manager, A. C. R., Sandwich, Ont.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1910.

No. 3.

To the Lyre.

(From Anacreon.)

Of Cadmus and of Atreus' sons,
I tune my lyre to sing,
But tender love and only love
Re-echoes from each string.

And so I change the silver strings
And of the labors sing
Of Hercules, and of his might,
But only loves outring.

Farewell for aye, ye heroes old,
In Elysian fields above,
Your praises can I never say,
My lyre speaks but love.

—C. A. B., '11.

George Eliot.



URS is pre-eminently an age of books and readers. And though it is a comparatively easy task to cultivate a taste for reading, to direct that taste along the right lines is a task not so easy and far more delicate. We are almost at a loss to know what is really worth while. But we almost infallibly come to the conclusion that the literature of the hour has little to recommend it but its apparent newness, and is, therefore, far inferior to that which has been tried in the crucible of time and found to be pure gold, or that has been tossed to and fro on the waves of popular criticism and has weathered the waves and storm in safety.

Our reading is, of course, guided and directed by various influences; environment, our aim in life, our temperament, and our intellectual development, all have their weight and exert their influence. If we take a book suitable to the student we will naturally find it entirely unfit for the shallow or desultory reader. The student appreciates, or is in a position to appreciate the classics; he understands the myriad-minded Shakespeare; he appreciates the majesty and grandeur of Milton; and his whole being thrills with the sonorous accents of the classic prose of a Burke or a Newman. And so temperament and the other influences mentioned color the aspect of our reading. But we are digressing, our object is not a paper on reading.

In all this great army of readers of our day, there are very few who do not spend some time at least in reading novels. As a rule each person has his own particular and favorite author with whom he has perhaps his daily confabs. This author is ever at hand ready to be taken up at any moment, and of whose company the reader never wearies. There are always some who preserve the glowing fire and elastic spirit of

their younger days, and with these their love for Cooper and his tales of pioneer life; to some Scott and his Waverly Novels never grow old; others feel lost without their frequent interviews with Little Nell or Paul Dombey or David Copperfield and hosts of others who are the pet characters, as it were, of Dickens; and some find Thackeray an ever increasing source of delight and are able to find nothing to compare with his strikingly human creations of Colonel Newcome, Major Pendennis and others. But those to whom the historical and provincial novel are more or less insipid may perhaps take delight in meandering through the psychological mazes delineated with such skill in the various novels of George Eliot.

There is certainly much to admire in her works, and much to imitate, and much that is beautiful from a moral as well as an artistic point of view.

Her characters are real and we may become as intimately acquainted with them as with our every day companions. This is a remarkable trait in George Eliot, the striking combination of a high speculative genius with a wonderfully realistic imagination. It is quite rare to find an author skilled in the analysis of psychological problems and still so completely at home in the conception and expression of real characters. Adam Bede, Maggie Tulliver, Silas Marner and Eppie, Dorothea and Casaubon, Gwendolen and Grandcourt, Mirah and Mordecai, and the ethereal Romola, these and many others have become an essential part of many lines and have found a permanent place in our English literature and thought.

George Eliot was evidently a close observer, but she was more than that. Her works are not merely an account or a classification of her observations of characters and events, although these are the elements from which she fashioned such delightful compounds. These constituents were heated and fused in her own mind and coined in the mint of her own imagination and every piece of currency put forth has the indelible impress of her own genius. She herself tells us that "no character

is purely personal or drawn immediately from portraits of acquaintances."

We find that her standard of ethics is not at all low. Take *Daniel Deronda* for example. The dark sin of Grandcourt's early years embitters both his and Gwendolin's married life, and the author traces in a very masterly manner how Gwendolin also sinned against her conscience by marrying Grandcourt, knowing all the while that she should have married another and so have righted a great wrong. In as much as *Daniel Deronda* is good we praise it. At first sight it seems to be little more than an attempted solution of the Jewish question facing Europe; but on closer examination we find that while her work of raising up the Jew is a laudable one, she does it only at the expense of the Christian and for this we censure her. She paints Gwendolin as a mere social butterfly, and Grandcourt, a gentleman on the surface, it is true, but in reality the most cold blooded and egotistic character it was possible for even her fertile imagination to conceive. And with these she contrasts the pure and spiritual natures of Dorinda, Mordecai, Cohen and Mirah, and with a finger of scorn seems to point out the difference. While we cannot deny that the characters are representative of certain classes, we do deny that she has exhausted the whole field, and the tables might be turned with little credit to the Jew.

"If you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things that God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind in that end, because of it. And remember if you were to choose something lower and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure, calamity might come just the same, and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm for it, and that may well make a man say, 'It were better for me that I had never been born.'" So says Romola to Tito Melema, summing up the secret of her own noble and self-denying life, and is not this sound and beautiful doctrine. A student of

nineteenth century literature cannot but be strengthened and enlightened by the beauty of her moral creations as well as with her fine analysis of character.

And yet this woman believed nothing. Her creed, if such it can be called, was that God was a wanderer in the "nowhere" and that death was annihilation. At an early age she threw off her obedience to Calvinism. She studied Comte for no other reason than that she studied every one. And finding, to her mind, no better form of Christianity than Calvinism and having already discarded it, she concluded that she would find more truth in Positivism, and so adopted its tenets. Having thrust aside God and Christianity, Humanity became her religion. She became an Altruist, and although she still uses the old familiar expressions for Christian beliefs and dogmas, it is with an entirely different significance. Deronda declares to Gwendolin, "The refuge you are needing from personal trouble is the higher religious life, which holds out an enthusiasm for something more than our own appetites and vanities," but here religious life means loyalty, not so much to God and our conscience, as to our fellowmen.

George Eliot was of a peculiarly religious nature and entirely out of joint with the Philistinism of her own people. "I feel," she says, "that society is training men and women for hell." Like Maggie Tulliver she is passionate and impulsive. No one has ever read the description in *The Mill on the Floss* of the *Imitation* and its effects on the volatile Maggie, and forgotten it. As we read the magnificent pages we cannot but feel that when George Eliot records the emotions of Maggie Tulliver so graphically, she is giving us an inkling into the state of her own heart. Her heart was stifling in the atmosphere of sordid aim and unsatisfied aspirations. It is by accident that she finds the *Imitation*. She reads it. It thrills her being with awe, "as if she had been awakened in the night by a storm of solemn music telling of beings whose soul had been astir while hers was in

stupor." But it did not have the influence on George Eliot that it did on Maggie Tulliver. "It made me long to be a saint for a few months," she said. The eloquent teaching of that sacred volume could have little influence on the heart that was determined to find no good in Christianity.

Yet George Eliot was eminently didactic. Her *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Daniel Deronda* aim at teaching the conventional masses of her fellow-countrymen the gospel of self-sacrifice. She gathered about herself a group of admiring friends who began to consider her the Aspasia of the so-called "advanced thought" and who awaited with eagerness every new product of her pen. England was at this time stirred with the writings of Tyn-dall, Spencer and Huxley, and George Eliot considered it her self-imposed obligation to disseminate these doctrines among the masses, and the means she chose to do this was principally the novel. She brought this Positivism and Agnosticism into every day life and eliminating all supernatural elements she sought to show the "influence of pure natural human relations." She set aside the influence of grace. Believing man only a social animal saintliness of life meant mere hypocrisy or warped character. The good or bad in man is merely the work of heredity. There is no freewill, no soul, no hereafter, no God. "The will of God," she tells us in the *Spanish Gypsy*, "is the same as the will of other men compelling us to work, and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence."

As far as she built upon these doctrines George Eliot failed. The only law she recognized was that of humanity. Positivism, Agnosticism and Darwinism contain no principle of spiritual development. Any theory based on them is sure to fail as well as any which attempt to do without God. Men may say they get along without Him but in their inner self they recognize the truth of the assertion, "in him we live, and move, and be."

George Eliot's style has on the whole a hard metallic

song, and if we listen attentively we will discern that the metal is not silver. She acquired a command of a large and varied vocabulary by translating into English successively Strauss' *Life of Christ*, Feuerback's *Essence of Christianity* and Spinoza's *Ethics*. Of course it is impossible to deny that she wrote good English, but critics say she was apt to write it as a good classical scholar writes Latin prose.

Adam Bede was her first great novel—some consider it the greatest though perhaps the majority of critics consider *Middlemarch* her climax in character study—and its characters, important as they were, were almost primitively simple. Then came *The Mill on the Floss* where we have Maggie Tulliver, a personality worthy of the complexity and maturing powers of the author. *Romola* is full of faults. The learning is too obtrusive. There is too much and too obvious an effort at minute historical accuracy. We do not desire a novelist to be too exact in historical matters. It is true he must not misrepresent facts but he must not become an historian. *Romola*, although a portrait lovingly drawn, is hardly a creation of flesh and blood. Sovonarola stands out with startling reality, his faults are perhaps too real. But we must not consider *Romola* as a smooth tale of love, it is a serious attempt to delineate Florentine life four hundred years ago. *Felix Holt* is considered a failure by even her most favorable critics. *Silas Marner* is a touching study of the child in all its various phases and its influence and revelation to its elders. Eppie, when she blossoms into womanhood, is as "taking" as a briar rose, one of those rare and "delicate-made" flowers whose perfume and sweetness are wafted about on the dusty air of many a by-path of life. *Silas Marner* is but an amplification of the text "And a little child shall lead them." "In old days," as it reminds us, "there were angels who came and took men from the city of destruction. We have no white-winged angels now. But men are led from destruction, * * * * and the hand may be a little

child's." But here as in most of her works we search in vain for some hint of the influence of "the Divine and Unseen" that is ever guiding men.

George Eliot is to be recommended with utmost caution. Some will say that they have derived no evil results from the perusal of her works. It may be true enough but it is most probably because they skimmed over them in a hasty manner and the underlying poison was unperceived and therefore untasted. That her works contain good, we have already admitted, but the good and evil are so intermingled that it is more than we can ask of the reader to take the honey and leave the rest. For everywhere are those sneering insinuating accusations against Christianity, and everywhere does she attempt to inculcate the principles that guided her own conduct. And this conduct and character is found wanting. Her biographers admit it. Even T. W. H. Myers, a close friend, says, "For, as her aspect had greatness and not beauty, so, too, her spirit had moral dignity but not saintly holiness. A loftier potency may sometimes have been given to some highly favored women in whom the graces of heaven and earth have met, moving through all life's seasons with a majesty which can feel no decay ; affording by her very presence and benediction an earnest of the spiritual world. And so too on that thought-worn brow there was visible the authority of sorrow, but scarcely its consecration. A deeper pathos may sometimes have breathed from the unconscious heroism of some childlike soul. It is perhaps by dwelling on the last touches which this high nature was divinely felt to lack—some aroma of hope, some felicity of virtue—that we can best recognize the greatness of her actual achievement."

—C. A. B., '11.

Memory.



WE wandered to the church, and oft
Within the dusty organ loft,
I helping with the stops, he played,
For he my very wish obeyed.

It once was evening, and the light
That streamed through the windows bright
Of pictured Saint or Martyr there,
With heaven seemed to fill the air.

And as responsive keys were found
Great wealth of harmony in sound
Like billows following wave on wave,
There echoed through the dark'ning nave.

Great thoughts and hopes, came rushing in
Upon our minds, of what had been—
And what the future had in store—
Their purpose grave and solemn more.

The feeling 'wakened by the sound
Our very beings tightly bound,
And as realities of stone
And wood and glass now dimmer shone,

The visions seemed to brighter grow
And we to leave were very slow,
Such power had sweet music's charm
We loathed to 'scape her mystic arm.

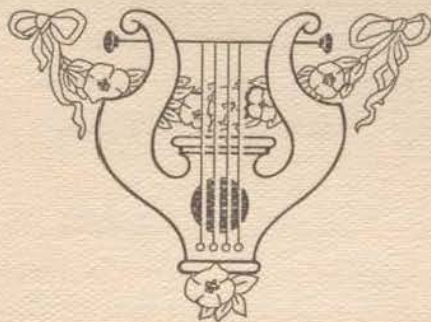
—C. A. B., '11.

Father Tabb.



once met Fr. Tabb," writes a friend of the REVIEW. "I had been enjoying for a brief period the proverbial hospitality of the of the Sulpician Fathers, at St. Charles College near Ellicott City, Maryland. The College and the neighborhood abound in interest, from the driver who takes you from Ellicott City to the College, and who finds everything 'right smart,' to the old Carroll estate across the way from the College. I was with a young Sulpician Scholastic who was acquainted with every point of interest, and we had seen pretty nearly everything that was to be seen. Still I was not satisfied, for I had not set eyes on the most remarkable man in the place, and I had about decided that Fr. Tabb must be invisible to strangers or the greatest recluse since the days of St. Anthony of the Desert. We had loitered around the corridor near his room hoping that by some happy chance he might venture out, not daring to enter his room which seemed to be regarded as absolutely sacred to the occupant alone. We had about given up hope and were standing at the foot of one of the many stairways in the straggling old college building, when my companion noticed the object of our curiosity at the head of the stairs. He immediately started up stairs calling Fr. Tabb by name. The venerable poet-priest stopped when he recognized a familiar voice and seemed willing enough to have a sociable chat. But scarcely had he noticed me running up stairs two steps at a time, when he started for his room. But my companion anticipated the move and almost forcibly detaining him introduced me. If I had been the impersonation of danger the pale thin face before me could not have expressed greater anxiety to find a means of escape. However he managed to give vent to a 'How do you do' as impersonal as possible, and while extending to me the

tips of his fingers to touch merely, he turned away and made for his room. And, though he seemed to have no particular direction in view in setting off, you felt perfectly certain he would hurry directly for his room, and once inside there was an end to all interviews. And so it happened. When he was well inside I exclaimed, 'Well, I have seen him, anyway'. 'You are very lucky,' returned my guide, 'for that is more than most visitors can truthfully say'. Never, I think, was anyone more eager to meet a great man than I was on that occasion, and at the same time more unwilling to prolong the interview after it was granted. Unless you were absolutely heartless you could not have wished to prolong what you saw to be most painful to this strangely retiring spirit. In my own defense I must add that he would not have acted differently with any other stranger."



To the Wood Sorrel.

(Shamrock.)

Thy name recalls the mossy nooks,
The shady woods, the glassy brooks,
Where sunlight comes on sufferance,
Or pierces through by very chance,
Startling one's reverie
Like a golden memory.

'Tis there thou sweet complacent flower,
Rose-veined child of the woodland bower,
Thou spreadest thy leaves a carpet green
So that thy beauty may best be seen,
For there is no harsh element
In thy airy lineament.

Sweet and sensitive art thou
For when the dew 's upon thy brow
Quickly goest thou to sleep
In thy verdant nook so deep
Waiting for the morning's light
Bringing back a day's delight.

None are honored so like thee
Chaste figure of the Trinity,
To heathen minds thou broughtest light
Since Patrick by thee set aright
Their minds upon the mystery
Of Trinity in Unity.

—C. A. B., '11.

Among the Canadian Rockies.



HERE is nothing in nature more beautiful and more sublime than the great Canadian Rockies. From Banff we took a stage coach typical of more ancient times. With a crack of the whip we were off, drawn by four horses, into the wild scenery of the Rockies. During two day's staging we had plenty of time to view the ever-changing scenery and to become acquainted with our fellow passengers. Among my companions was a friend who had come to this country some years previous for his health. Another was a lady from Devonshire. She was a linguist in more sense than one. She talked incessantly, her chief topics being the state of the roads and the resemblance between the Rockies and the Alps, the Pyrennes, the Himalayas and the Andes, all of which she had seen. As we ascended the dust grew thicker and our ride was a series of jolts. At dusk, wearied out with the day's travel, we were glad to stop at a solitary inn.

The next morning we were off very early. The old lady had expended her vocabulary; but another companion, a schoolma'am from near Toronto gave us lessons in botany, saying that the flowers that decked the mountain side were not daisies, nor were those tall trees pines, but a species of cedar. All this we already knew, but we politely thanked her and asked the driver to whip up the horses. As the sun went down behind the snowcapped mountains casting a thousand lengthening shadows across the silent lakes of the valley we heard the plover calling and saw birds dusting themselves in the road before us. Far above in the green-colored sky a flock of wild ducks go swiftly by, a weasel glides over the bleak grey rocks, the mountain rabbit hops along before us and from the thick wooded mountain side comes a confusion of wild sounds. Our horses are urged

on that we may gain a glimpse of Twin Falls before dark. We gazed upon a small stream falling five hundred feet and then dividing into two parts and falling another four hundred feet. The last rays of the sun fell upon its uppermost parts and through the crystal spray interwove a rainbow of gold, crimson, purple and green.

Our long solitary wanderings over the hills on that beautiful moonlight night, as she cast her golden light upon the motionless lakes in the valley made nature seem more mysterious and one dare scarce speak lest we break the silence, disturbed only by the choir of little streams as they dashed over the rock far below. Soon we arrived at an inn and there received a welcome.

To every visitor the Rockies extend the welcome of peace, joy and beauty, but to the invalid besides all these it gives health, energy and life itself. Nature among the mountains seems freer, happier and more charming than elsewhere. The dash of the rivers, the quietness of the lakes, the pure snows of winter above, the blue haze in the distance, the rosy dawn and the crimson glow of evening are scenes that have delighted thousands of travellers and left their indelible marks in memory. Even now I recall with pleasure Lake Louise, which we passed the following day, and which seemed like an emerald gem set in the midst of mountains. In its unimaginable beauty the scene combined splendor and peace, power and dignity, youth and old age, for there we beheld a great mountain—its upper half covered with snow, its vertical sides showing bare and rocky, its slopes covered with dark green trees and mossy glebe—all of which were reflected in the liquid mirror of the lake, as the sun cast its last lingering rays over the shoulder of the broad mountain. Into it filtered many a silvery stream whose song was answered by the distant lowing of the herds in the plains below.

After a dangerous climb up the precipitous sides of Mt. Stephen we determined to have one last look at Lake Louise and that night we spent under the open shelter of

myriads of stars. The next day we began the descent of the mountains in the direction of Banff. The various scenes as we beheld them below us on our return journey were no less attractive than before.

Here a novel sight presented itself. The upper air exhibited a view which is experienced only among the mountains; clouds were being pushed against the highest peaks, the river thundered far below, when in front curved a great rainbow with one of its arms clinging to the mountain ridge and the other loosing itself in the far distant valley. On we go over the winding and hilly road through a country dotted with summer huts and among grassy fields and vast herds of cattle feed peacefully upon the mountain slopes until we are once more set down in Banff glad to be released from the jolting old stage coach but regretful of the scenes we had left behind.

J. Bell, '11.



Anacreon to Himself.

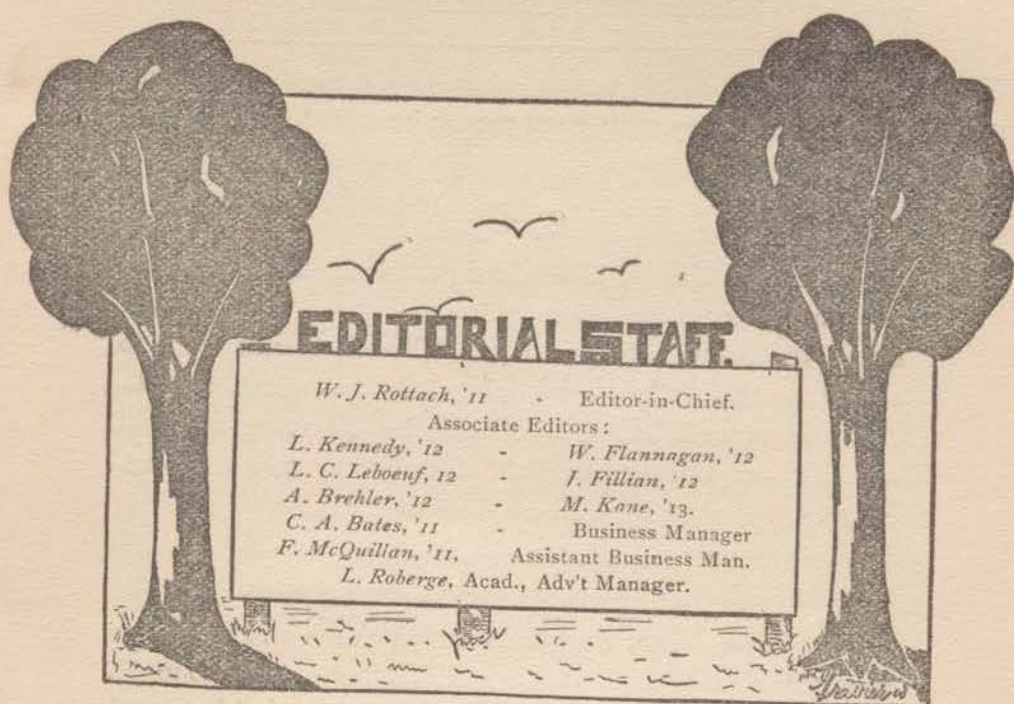
(From the Greek.)

The women say
You've had your day,
 O friend Anacreon,
Take up your glass
And find—alas!
 Your flowing locks are gone.

But I indeed
Will scarce concede
 It true, this thing they say,
But this I know
If it be so
 I this advice assay,

When men are old
And passion's cold
 The pleasant things the more
Should be enjoyed
And time employed
 Since fate is at the door.

—C. A. B., '11.



Editorial.

Hurrah for St. Patrick !

Welcome.

The announcement of Father Fallon's coming consecration as Bishop of London once more reminds us that we are at last to see the chief spiritual office of the diocese once more in capable hands after a vacancy of nearly two years. At first we hardly knew how far we should congratulate ourselves on the appointment ; the new appointee, though rather well known, was not one we had followed in a particular way beyond the attention we were likely to give to any prominent ecclesiastic who was equally far from us in distance and individual interests. Now that we have had the opportunity to become better acquainted with the new Bishop by a review of his public services in the various incumbencies which have fallen to his lot, we are confident that as Rome has acted more slowly than usual, she has also acted particularly wisely in a case which presented difficulties. We shall be glad to

welcome our chief prelate when the occasion presents itself to what may with good reason be called the diocesan college.

Spring.

We have already had a bright clear day with sunny rays that point to the sign, "Spring is near." It cannot come too soon. Every day of March wanes all too slowly for the restless spirit of youth, that would take to the campus and baseball, before the lingering steps of white-skirted Winter have traced their way to a northern clime.

"Like to a step dame or dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue,"

the declining winter days hold us in check and keep our spirits "cabined, cribbed and confined," when they so much desire to trip across the green sward like nimble-footed faeries, or like Puck, "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

St. Joseph.

Like a silent sentinel, alert, faithful and self-suppressed, St. Joseph stands by Jesus and Mary, in the momentous history of man's redemption. Somewhat in the background, as became the humble character, but never apart from his divine Foster Child and his Immaculate Spouse, he still continues to occupy the part of an important personage in the eternal drama of man's redemption, not as it was once enacted in the land of Judea, but as it is now enacted in every part of the world, when redemption becomes or should become salvation. St. Joseph's work is not done. He was the chosen one of God who should assist in the most important act of the great world's work, and as that act is to endure through all time, so will St. Joseph's co-operation be equally enduring. In a very literal sense St. Joseph was the guardian of the universal church, it consisted only of Jesus and Mary; and in these latter days he has

been chosen by the Vicar of Christ as the Patron of the universal church, and the silent carpenter is still the faithful guard watching over the Spouse of Christ.

Prejudice.

The first step towards attaining a knowledge of truth says Francis Bacon, is the exclusion from the mind of those idols or preconceptions which interfere with the acquisition of knowledge. One class of *idols* he calls *idols of the den*, which arises from the peculiar character of the individual. These are the prejudices which it is most difficult to control. Every man has his personal point of view, whence he sees and interprets his experiences. According to his interpretations of experience, he is found to outline his action, because we cannot naturally act above our knowledge, though we may not act up to it. And so it happens that we are influenced by prejudice.

To the prejudiced nothing is viewed in the cold clear light of reason and facts. Every fact that militates against the view which prejudice dictates is suspected; every smallest particle of evidence that favors the prejudiced man's peculiar crotchet is magnified into a mountain of proof, and the conclusion is naturally biased, if not entirely false. Let a disinterested witness attempt to remove the glass that colors all the panorama for the prejudiced man and he is at once set down as a fool or a knave. In a word the prejudiced mind is incapable of interpreting correctly even the most obvious circumstance in life. And the most deplorable feature in the whole case is the extreme difficulty of convincing the affected man that he is acting under the slightest delusion. In fact once you convince a man that he is acting out of prejudice the evil itself is removed.

A liberal education is the best means of making over the diseased minds, but to impart a liberal education one must have already rooted from his own mind the narrowness that comes of our character and personal experience. Now every man is more or less under the

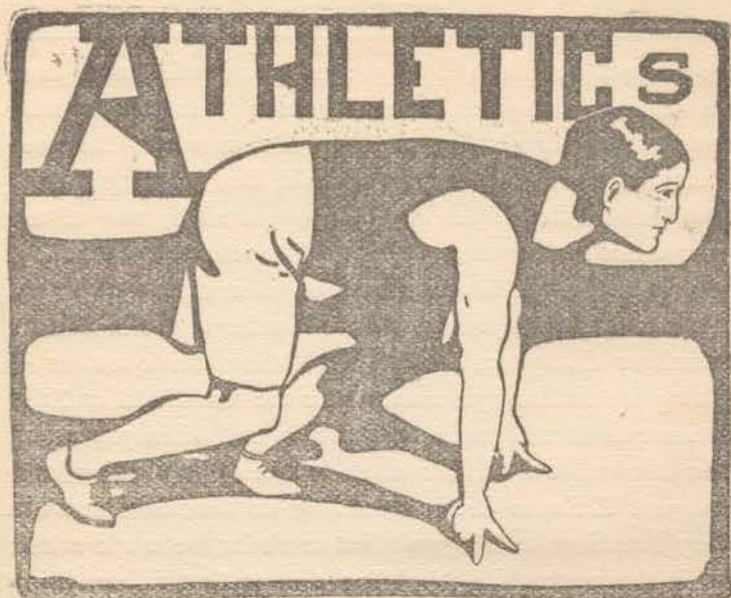
sway of prejudice, and also in some respect an educator ; on both counts it behooves him to guard against this baneful mental astigmatism.

Canada of the Future.

The migration to the Canadian Northwest has begun. The record for January shows an increase of more than a hundred per cent. over the same month last year. From present indications the tide of immigration is likely to swell to enormous proportions before the harvest is off. The lure of the prairie is on us and thousands are taking to the trail that leads to the west. A worse fate could be ours. There is no place under the sun that at the present moment offers better advantages to the young man, whether married or unmarried. The country is new, the extent of these broad provinces is beyond our appreciation to one who has never travelled them, from east to west and from north to south. In Ontario there is a large population dependent on the land for a livelihood, flourishing cities mark frequent steps on the express trains, and still the land is yielding a goodly harvest with little or no intensive farming, such as is necessary in older countries. But the great West must look on this province much as we view Holland with its four hundred inhabitants to the square mile. The population as compared to the extent of the territory is very meagre, and the land seems to call for cultivation.

Everything now is most favourable. Where before there was bad accommodation for the journey and insufficient provisions at the end, now a more systematic method is perfected for handling the traffic and for enabling the new settler to commence work on the land at the earliest moment. Where formerly the farmer was at the mercy of one grain carrying road, at least over the greater part of the route to Port Arthur and Fort William, there are now in operation two, and over part of the long route, three independent and rival transport companies. Two of these companies are under the direct supervision of the

government and depend on the government for more than the original subsidies merely, which railroads usually receive in the beginning of their construction. Another is without special governmental aid, but it is capitalized by unlimited English money and operated by two of the most enterprising men living. With three such roads, there is no fear of a combination in restraint of trade, such as was found just across the border in the Northern Securities Company. When heretofore the question of getting the ordinary necessities for the household and the farm required serious consideration and often proved an insurmountable obstacle to the advance of population, now the great T. Eaton Co. is spreading its thousand arms in every direction, making an ideal mark for the muck raker; but in the meanwhile supplying a want that is benefiting Canada to an incalculable degree. The phenomenal growth of this Company is indicative of the growth of Canada, and especially of the West. The entire sales of this huge Company, wholesale and retail in both order and local departments, are exceeded only by Marshall Field's and Wannamaker's; and it promises fair to exceed even these before the first quarter of the century is passed. The government has been slow to recognize the possibilities of the West, and in consequence it has not hesitated to undertake an indebtedness almost startling in magnitude and such as the present status of the Dominion would not at all warrant. Private enterprises is equally bold. Thousands of miles of new railroads, a projected canal to cost almost as much as the Panama Canal, a huge merchant marine in both oceans, and even a national navy are some of the more important. With a commercial activity seldom if ever equalled in the history of the world, and no department of national progress neglected, we are not surprised to hear it said that to Canada belongs the centre of the world's arena during the twentieth century.



Hand Ball.

STELLA LEAGUE.

The schedule of the indoor game is making a close ; each team only having seven or eight games to play before the trophy is presented to the champions. Robinet and Brennan still monopolize the pinnacle with an air that defies competition. The Richardson-Fillion party gave them two stiff battles since the last report and should have downed the tyrants in both games : but the fates would not permit, and the finis found "Rich" two scores in the rear in both battles. Hurrah ! "Shenec and Dutch" broke the hoodoo. Some generous couple let Kennedy and Merkle up and now they are not compelled carry the goose egg. McIntyre and Finn are struggling fiercely to rout Richareson and Fillion from second place, and the struggle to avoid landing in the cellar apartment is hot between the remaining three teams. The present standing :—

		WON.	LOST.	PERC.
Robinet	}	17	0	1000
Brennan				

Richardson	}			
Fillion		11	6	647
McIntyre	}			
Finn		9	9	500
McQuillan	}			
Roberge		4	10	285
Kennedy	}			
Merkle		3	11	214
Costello	}			
Moran		3	11	214

BELVEDERE LEAGUE.

A few more games for each team and the Belvederes conclude the schedule of one of the closest and most interesting leagues ever fought in this alley. No team on the board is invincible and even a hoodoo can not keep the lowest team from victory. Manning and Broughton held supreme sway until they clashed with Morand and Bondy ; then for the first time they were trounced to the ropes and handed a measly score of five. This put the two teams on equal terms for the initial notch, but Currier and Crane have again given sole right to Manning and Broughton by beating Morand and Bondy in the last series. Dillon and Conger were battling with hard luck in the start, but now they have as good sailing as the next, and one of the tightest and fastest games in the alley this year went to Dillon-Conger's favor at the expense of the Sharkey-Pfeffer party. The Belvedere standing :

		WON.	LOST.	PERC.
Manning	}			
Broughton		9	1	900
Morand	}			
Bondy		8	2	810
O'Neil	}			
Gottwald		7	3	700
Fitzmaurice	}			
C. Dalton		6	4	600
Currier	}			
Crane		5	5	500

Thibault	}			
Pope		5	5	500
Gazella	}			
Harrigan		4	6	400
Sharkey	}			
Pfeffer		4	6	400
J. Dalton	}			
T. Murray		3	7	300
Daniel	}			
Turner		2	8	200
Dillon	}			
Conger		2	8	200

TAI-KUN LEAGUE.

The youngsters do not show the greatest science in the game, but the fights are earnest and well worth watching. The fine weather and the thoughts of base-ball draw many of the old students away from the alley, but the minims are too much fascinated with their league to leave it until the finish. Before we are out again on the ball diamond they will have concluded a very successful season of hand-ball in this division. Tai-Kun League standing :—

		WON.	LOST.	PERC.
Martin	}			
Curty		9	2	818
Famularo	}			
Sanglier		9	3	760
Dacey	}			
Mathers		8	4	667
Foster	}			
Fisher		7	4	636
Chambers	}			
Page		5	7	417
Taylor	}			
Smith		5	7	417
Sullivan	}			
Humphreys		4	7	364
Lareau	}			
Gignac		4	7	364
Moore	}			
Green		0	11	000

Base Ball.

Hand-ball has its redeeming features and is given a hearty welcome when the cold weather obliges the athlete to resort to under-cover sports ; but the season that introduces the "Ty Cobb" game is greeted with a glad hand by every true fan. Old Sol has freed the Assumption diamond of her white coat and will soon have the grounds ready for the new boys to show what they have to strengthen the college nine.

As the result of recent elections the vets of Assumption's '09 team have named Fred. Costello captain and Frank McQuillan secretary of the first team. With these two men and Leo. Kennedy and Geo. Brennan, respectively captain and secretary of the Stella diamond, we have promising prospects that the year '10 will prove exceptionally successful for the Stella in baseball. Of last year's crowd there remains with us: Frank McQuillan, the receiving end of the battery works ; Leo Kennedy, who with Fr. J. Klick, worked on the slab ; Fred. Costello for third sack ; "Gig" Robinet, of center field, and J. Fillion, of the shortstop position. It was thought that the team would be handicapped for a twirler, since "Johnie" Klick, who was the team's mainstay for the last two years, was ordained to the priesthood and left us, but with a stronger all-round team and four "youngsters" to do the pegging, Assumption will still be able to hold her own. "Southpaw" Kennedy promises to be better than ever ; Richardson, a former student of the college in '08 is there with stuff much sterner than when he made his name ; Robinet will have an opportunity to use his steam, and McKeon is a new man whom rumor has chronicled to possess "the goods."

New men who will give the vets a run for the infield positions are C. Kelly, L. Mace, G. Brennan, M. Kane, V. Christy and H. McGinnis. The outfield positions will very likely be filled by one or two of the pitchers not on the slab and the best of the following: A. Finn, E

Mackay, L. Roberge, T. Moran, N. O'Conner, S. Brisson, E. Hanick, J. Shannon and J. Bell.

Hand-ball has done much to keep the throwing arms in condition, and it will not take long to work the kinks out of the whips of such men as have figured largely in the indoor game. Games are already being scheduled with the best teams in Detroit and vicinity, and a record is expected that will rival that of three years ago.

Joseph L. Fillion, '12.





Rev. M. J. Crowley, '96, of Monroe, has left for a brief visit to the West Indies. He sailed on the steamer Moltke, from New York harbor.

Word has been received, to the joy of his numerous friends, that Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, '77, is speedily regaining his health.

A short time ago, Mr. J. Myron, changed his residence to 815 S. Winchester Ave., Chicago. He is doing a large business as a Training Contractor in the Windy City.

Mr. Donat Mailloux, '04, is practising dentistry at Nineteenth and Porter streets, Detroit. He will always be remembered as one of Assumption's greatest twirlers.

The House of Providence, Detroit, have a new resident physician, Dr. Glemet, '96, having accepted the position.

Another Alumnus has thought fit to put a sudden end to his solitary life. Mr. L. Hopcroft, '04, will be wedded in the near future.

Rev. Father Linskey, who studied theology here in '07, is giving Wednesday evening sermons at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Detroit.

Mr. Anthony Kunnath, '09, is employed in the offices of the Riverside Storage Co., of Detroit.

Two Clifford boys, John and Joseph, who attended a Commercial class here in '03—'04—'05, have fallen heirs to a considerable fortune lately bequeathed to them by their grandfather. Unfortunately, however, but one of the lads can be located; the other cannot be found. The relatives and friends of the young man are very anxious about him and have been doing all within their power to find him, but to no avail. If any of his old class-mates know anything of him, the REVIEW will be thankful to them if notified.

A card from Mr. C. Kelly, '09, of Mt. Morris, Mich., states that he is "very busy expounding knowledge," and that he is also Advertising Manager of the new Parish Monthly edited by Rev. Fr. Luby. When, with us, "Cash" held the same position on the REVIEW, and, judging from what he did here, all advertisers will have to "fork up" or "skidoo."

On February 10, Mr. Leo Foley, '05, and Miss Laura Gayle were married at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Lake Charles, La. A solemn Nuptial High Mass with deacon and sub-deacon, was sung for the young couple. Mr. Foley wrote us a long letter about the ceremony and seemed to look upon it as one of the most important of his life, and not, as too many now do, of but small consequence. On the morning of the wedding the church presented a scene such as it would on a great feast-day. The inside of the house of God was beautifully decorated, white roses covering the altars and railing. The crowd present filled the church to its full capacity. The scene of the three officiating priests in their golden vestments, the altar-boys in purple cassocks

and white surplices, the young couple and their numerous attendants, the vast crowd and lavish decorations is one that will be long remembered by all present, especially the young people themselves. The REVIEW extends its heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Foley.

Rev. A. J. Cote, C. S. B., '76, has given his parishioners a mission, which ended on Sunday, March 6. Two eminent Dominicans of Ste. Hyacinthe, Fathers La Marche and La Ferrier preached it.

Rev. T. F. Gignac, C. S. B., '92, has cut another notch in his gun-stock. While roaming over the Texan prairies a short while ago he met a lynx, a monstrous beast which would have sent an ordinary man to his grave from heart failure. However Father Gignac was not to be fooled. He again showed his Ojibwa origin and wonderful hunting prowess. He killed the Lynx! We will not mention how many shots were fired nor where he hit his quarry.

—L. C. Leboeuf, '12



Chronicle.

Birthingtons wash day has come and gone, also Erin's festive day, now look out for Halley's comet.

By the way, Readers, if you are satisfied with the REVIEW tell your friends; if not, do not tell us.

Mr. E. Depuydt, who has for some weeks been in St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit, as the result of an operation for appendicitus, is now rapidly convalescing. It is with great eagerness that we await Ernest's recovery and advent again to our ranks.

Mr. F. Bush and Mr. C. Drouillard, who until last year were among our number, paid us a short visit during the month.

Come students, do not be sighing,
Forget the cold and snow,
For honors don't be trying,
Don't tell us what you know.
For baseball grows not wears,
Don't say, "Well I'll be hooked
The Pole ne'er boiled for Peary
No more than it was Cooked."
Put off all care and sorrow,
Prepare for Judgment Day,
For Halley's gaseous comet
Is coming fast our way,
In May !!

Pope, as a ground for his assertion that we should not rise immediately upon waking, says that a train does not acquire full speed immediately upon starting. Mr. Pope has no cause to fear such a calamity as his doctrines are strictly followed out by the most of us.

The memory of the Father of American Liberty was fitly commemorated with a holiday. After morning class the "Boys" set aside the laborious tasks of the classroom and with every ember of patriotism kindled in their hearts

bent their course to the hand-ball alley, there to witness the international contests that constituted the feature of the day. In the evening an entertainment under the auspices of the Dramatic Club completed the day's curriculum.

Mr. W. Rottach opened the entertainment with a brilliant eulogy to the hero of the day. The speaker delineated the several steps in the graduation of success in this great man's life as well as the honor and independence he secured for the English Colonies in that long and weary struggle for the life or the death of what every American is now proud to call the United States.

My dream of the U. S. A. was the title of a song sung by Messrs. Kane, McQuillan, Roberge and Richardson. The audience enjoyed a gem of junior talent in a recitation by Master H. Smith. Mr. E. Welty favored the audience on two special occasions, one a violin solo, the other, with Messrs. Alt and Olk, in a piano duet with violin accompaniment. To Mr. Fillion, the next speaker, much credit is due for the eloquent manner in which he delivered his selection, "The Dying Chief." Mr. Bell's recitation is no less deserving of credit. The speaker displayed no mean amount of talent in his selection "The Progress of Madness." A song by Mr. Alt, another by Messrs. Dillon and Murray, followed by a piano solo by Mr. H. O'Brien concluded the literary and musical portion of the entertainment. The final number was a Farce, in one act, "Looking for Trouble," by Messrs. Flanagan, McQuillan, Brisson, M. Richardson, Roberge and Brehler. The playlet was amusing and witty throughout, each character fulfilling his rôle in a style creditable to a professional. Mr. Flanagan, the "troubled man" is represented as having the misfortune of being the next-door neighbor of a man bearing the same "cog." Messrs. Roberge, McQuillan, Richardson and Brisson, friends of the "neighbor" have come by a mistake to the house of "our" Mr. Trouble and make life for him a burden with their respective suits. Even Mr. Brehler, alias Rainbow,

the servant of Mr. Trouble has three dollars to his credit but in the hands of his master whom he finds very refractory when he reminds him of the matter. The cast:

Mr. Tom Trouble	W. Flanagan
Tommy Slang	F. McQuillan
M. Jacques DeHombog (a Frenchman)	M. Brisson
Tom Topsail (Sailor)	Geo. Richardson
Teddy Brady (a Son of Erin)	L. Roberge
Rainbow (Colored Man)	A. Brehler

Two Dominican Fathers, Rev. La Ferrier and Rev. La Marche are sojourning with us while preaching at Retreat at the church of L'Assomption.

Monsignor Meunier, of Windsor, favored us with a call of late.

St. Basil's Literary Society convened for its bi-monthly meeting on the 12th ult. Despite the fact that panegyric and eulogistic selections tend to lessen the interest of a meeting, this one was enjoyed by all owing, probably, to the instructive selections delivered during the evening. Mr. F. McQuillan opened the program with a very interesting panegyric on the "Father of Our Country,"—across the creek. That good things are contained in small parcels was fitly exemplified by Mr. J. Dalton in his sketch, "Julius Caesar." His diminutive stature was but an exterior contrast to the grand and lofty eulogisms that were hidden within. The next speaker, Mr. Fillion, was the only one to venture beyond the sphere of descriptive work. He entertained the audience with an eloquent and animated story entitled "The Ungrateful Pauper." The essay illustrated the true proverb: "Charity often begets ungratefulness." If there lingered in the mind of any member a doubt as to the ingenuity and intellectual greatness of Robert Fulton, Mr. Brehler's essay surely dispelled it. He dwelt on every point of note in the life of the great genius and specifically repeated his method in the wonderful achievement of navigation by steam. The proceedings of a sitting of the Pennsylvania Legislature

for a discussion of the liquor question was very well repeated by Mr. E. Mackey. The essay was of a new type and hence enjoyed by all present. An impromptu debate followed at the close of the regular program. The resolution was that "Caesar would have made Rome's power permanent if he had lived the ordinary span."

A few spots of *terra firma* may be seen those days peeping bashfully over the flood of snow and water and each "rec" those fond spots are sought by the eager watchers of Spring.

March the 1st found St. Basil's Literary Society again convened for literary work. The program of this meeting although brief, was very interesting and energetic to no small degree. Mr. Rottach, the mover of the minutes, interested his listeners on a very live topic, "The Passion Play." He discussed the fervor and spirit of the play that each year in the village of Oberammergau attracts thousands of Bavarians and neighboring European peoples to its performances.

Mr. McQuillan appeared on the platform with a grand and lofty eulogism entitled "Two American Leaders." The subjects of the speakers praises were Washington and Lincoln, both of whom deserve considerable glory. "The Life of Plutarch," was the subject of Mr. Finn's selection. He fully delineated the works and accomplishments of the eminent biographer. Halley's comet was treated both as to its nature and performance by L. Kennedy. The topic was an interesting one having for its title an epithet that has caused many to shudder with fear. The last number on the program was a vivid description of the present inundation of Paris, entitled "Paris Floods." This, like the previous one, is a current topic and was heard with eager ears and enjoyed by all, owing partly to the speakers eloquent mode of description. An extemporary debate followed the regular program and was the cause of heated argument for some time, having for its resolution a topic familiar to all,

"That Pres. Murphy was justified in ordering the recent strike of the street car men in Philadelphia."

During the month we enjoyed brief visits from the Reverends W. Marron, Detroit, D. Brisson, Walkerville, L. Pere, Detroit; R. Fleming, Battle Creek; J. Flick, Detroit; J. Marseilles, Windsor; M. Crowley, Monroe; J. Needham, Orchard Lake; D. Needham, Whiteford; Dr. Murphy, Kalamazoo; and E. Beaudoin, Kalamazoo.

A few ex-students have called to visit us: W. Reaume, J. Crique, J. Burns, M. McGrath, L. McKeon and R. Belleperche.

—L. W. Kennedy, '12.

Exchanges.

Ariston graces our table this month for the first time. It should be a source of pride to its editors. Although only a quarterly, high quality compensates for its infrequency. Poetry seems to be the specialty—"The Birth of 1910" possesses merit such as publishers pay real money for and seldom get. "The Naming of the Forget-Me-Not" and "The Crucifix of Mariazell" are fair enough; but think how much it would increase the value of this fine paper if *Ariston* should try to discover short story talent among its contributors.

A veritable treasure house is the *Trinity College Record*, which pays us another of its quarterly visits. The poets are well taken care of by articles on Browning, Father Tabb and T. A. Daly. Lovers of the opera will find real pleasure in perusing the essay, "Wagner's Contribution to Music," "that kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that." "Humpty Dumpty," besides being a source of genuine amusement, proves that the students of Trinity are close observers of the follies as well as the excellencies of Henry James, Walt Whitman, "Graustark," McCutcheon and others.

Says the *Toronto University Monthly*: "The Roman

Catholic Church has set its face against easy divorce." Omit the "easy," learned friend, and we admire your candor. You have certainly touched upon the main cause of the infrequency of that scandal in Canada and in Catholic countries generally. In another article, "The Female Teacher," after approving Plato's principle that "All education consists in effecting a change from a worse to a better state of mind," we are told that "the essential requirement of a teacher is that he be an educated man, and not a woman; and men of character are essential to the formation of character in boys." We have always cherished some slight ideas concerning the mother's influence in making the boy a manly man; but since mothers cannot, by any stretching of the rule, come under Mr. MacPhail's classification, we suppose that we shall have to banish such old-fashioned theories, and hold with him that for the mere transmission of information, "women, letters, or phonographs are good enough."

From *Notre Dame Scholastic* (without marks to distinguish from the serious part) "Teddy was one prize kid," "he cornered a pippin," "corralled one of her hands," etc. Heavens, what will *Niagara Index* say?

We are sorry that the *Marquette University Journal* appears but five times a year. It made its first appearance in our sanctum this month; and when we read that it is published every other month we sighed, and thought of another periodical that reaches us bi-monthly, and sighed again, "How fine it would be if they would just exchange schedules." "To Melpomene" is a very meritorious translation; and the poem "Sunset" will surely find its way into our private scrapbook. There seems to be an extra importance attached to athletics in the *Journal* and of course, we must grant that they have the right to be somewhat proud of that feature of life at Marquette University; but let us see a little more of that good poetry, or some original stories. Isn't this called the age of the short story?

—J. M. Kane, '13.

The Blonde Lumber and Mf'g Co.

Limited,

Lumber and Hardware Dealers,

Builders and Contractors : : :

CHATHAM, - - - - - ONTARIO

Manufacturers of

Exterior and Interior Work of all Kinds.

Church Seating, Altars, Pulpits and
Fittings a Specialty. : : :

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

JOHN SCOTT & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

PHONE 6,

WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

Something New !

Candy Kid

A Dainty Pop Corn
Confection.

CLYDE, FULLER & CO.

Canadian Distributors.

TRY

GEO. MITCHELL

FOR

Fancy Confectionery !

Phone 594.

Howard Ave., - Windsor, Ont.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

